

The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER X.

Good Samaritans.

Since she had undertaken to show Wahaska precisely how to deport itself in the conventional field, Miss Grierson had telegraphed her father to meet her in St. Louis on her return from Florida.

When Jasper Grierson traveled alone he was democratic enough to be satisfied with a section in the body of the car. But when Margery's tastes were to be consulted, the drawing-room was none too good. Indeed, as it transpired on the journey northward from St. Louis, the Anita's drawing-room proved to be not good enough.

"It is simply a crude insult, the way they wear out their old, broken-down cars on us here!" she protested to her father. "You ought to do something about it."

Jasper Grierson's smile was a capitalistic acquiescence, and some of his fellow-townsmen described it as "cast iron." But for his daughter it was always indulgent.

"I don't own the railroad yet, Madge; you'll have to give me, a little more time," he pleaded, clipping the tip from a black cigar of heroic proportions and reaching for the box of safety matches.

"I'll begin now, if you are going to smoke that dreadful thing in this stuffy little den," was the unfriendly retort; and the daughter found a magazine and exchanged the drawing-room with its threat of asphyxiation for a seat in the body of the car. Half-way down the car one of the sections was still curtained and bulkheaded; of course, the occupant of the middle section must be ill. Quite suddenly her interest became acute. Who was the sick one, and why was he, or she, traveling without an attendant?

With Margery Grierson, to question was to ascertain; and the Pullman conductor, once more checking his diagrams in Section 11, offered the readiest means of enlightenment. A few minutes later Margery rejoined her father in the private compartment.

"Do you remember the nice-looking young man who sat at the table with us in the Chateau last night?" she began abruptly.

The gray-wolf Jasper nodded. He had an excellent memory for faces.

"What did you think of him?" The query followed the nod like a nimble boxer's return blow.

"I thought he paid a whole lot more attention to you than he did to his supper. Why?"

"He is on this car; sick with a fever of some kind and out of his head. He is going to Wahaska."

"How do you know it's the same one?"

"I made the conductor take me to see him. He talked to me in Italian."

"Going in for the Real Deal This Time! Ain't You Madge?"

and called me 'Carliotta mia.'"

"Humph! he didn't look like a dago."

"He isn't; it's just because he is delirious."

"There was a long pause, broken finally by a curt, 'Well!' from the father."

"I've been thinking," was the slow response. "Of course, there is a chance that he has friends in Wahaska, and that someone will be at the train to meet him. But it is only a chance."

"Why doesn't the conductor telegraph ahead and find out?"

"He doesn't know the man's name. I tried to get him to look for a card, or to break into the suitcases under the berth, but he says the regulations won't let him."

"Well?" said the father again, this time with a more decided upward inflection. Then he added: "You've made up your mind what you're going to do; say it."

Margery's decision was announced crisply. "There is no hospital to send him to—which is Wahaska's shame. Maybe he will be met and taken care of by his friends; if he is, well and good; if he isn't, we'll put him in the carriage and take him home with us."

The cast-iron smile with the indulgent attachment wrinkled forth upon Jasper Grierson's heavy face.

"The Good Samaritan act, eh? I've known you a long time, Madge, but I never can tell when you're going to break out in a brand-new spot. Didn't lose any of your unexpectedness in Florida, did you?"

Miss Margery tossed her pretty head, and the dark eyes snapped.

"Somebody in the family has to think of something besides making

money," she retorted. "Please lend me your pencil; I want to do some writing."

All other gifts apart, Miss Grierson could boast of a degree of executive ability little inferior to her father's; did boast of it when the occasion offered; and by the time the whistle was sounding for Wahaska, all the arrangements had been made for the provisional rescue of the sick man in lower six.

At the station a single inquiry served to give the Good Samaritan intention the right of way. There was no friend to meet lower six; but the Grierson carriage was waiting, with the coachman and a Mercedes garden for bearers. From that to putting the sick man to bed in one of the guest chambers of the lake-fronting mansion at the opposite end of the town was a mere bit of routine for one so capable as Miss Grierson; and twenty minutes after the successful transfer she had Doctor Farnham at the nameless one's bedside and was telephoning the college infirmary for a nurse.

Naturally, there were explanations to be made when the doctor came down. To her first anxious question the answer came gravely: "You have a very sick man on your hands, Miss Margery." Then the inevitable: "Who is he?"

She spread her hands in a pretty affectation of embarrassment.

"What will you think of me, Dr. Farnham, when I tell you that I have not the little atom of an idea?"

Charlotte's father was a small man, with kindly eyes and the firm, straight-lined mouth of his Puritan forbears. "Tell me about it," he said concisely. She told him.

A shrewd smile flickered for an instant in the kindly eyes of Wahaska's best-beloved physician.

"Almost anyone else would have found plenty of other things to do—or not to do," was his comment. "Are you prepared to go on, Miss Margery?"

There were little lines coming and going between Miss Margery's straight black brows. "We needn't do it by halves, doctor," she said decisively. "If it would be better to wire St. Paul or Minneapolis and get a trained nurse—"

"You'd stand the extra expense, of course," laughed the doctor. "You are all the world's good angel when you set out to be Miss Margery. And I'll send somebody before bedtime. Meanwhile, there's nothing to do but to keep your patient quiet; and he'll do that for himself for a few hours. I gave him a bit of anodyne before I came down."

Margery went to the outer door with her kindly counselor, playing the part of the gracious hostess as one who is, or who means to be, precisely letter-perfect; and after he was gone, she went slowly upstairs and let herself softly into the room of shaded lights. The sick man was resting quietly, and he did not stir when she crossed to the bed and laid a cool palm on his forehead.

"You poor castaway!" she murmured. "I wonder who you are, and to whom you belong? I suppose somebody has got to be mean and sneaky and find out. Would you rather it would be I than someone else who might care even less than I do?"

The sleeping man opened unseeing eyes and closed them again heavily. "I found the money, Carliotta mia; you didn't know that, did you?" he muttered; and then the narcotic seized and held him again.

His clothes were on a chair, and when she had carried them to a light that could be shaded completely from the bed and its occupant, she searched the pockets one by one. It was a little surprising to find all but two of them quite empty; no cards, no letters, no pen, pencil, pocketknife, or purse; nothing but a handkerchief, or more precisely, a handkerchief; and by all the little signs and tokens it was quite new.

And the same was true of the other garments. But there was no tag or trademark on any of them to show where they came from.

Falling to find the necessary clue to the castaway's identity in this preliminary search, she went on resolutely, dragging the two suitcases over to the lighted corner and unlocking them with the keys taken from the pocket of the waistcoat.

The first yielded nothing but clothing, all new and evidently un worn. The second held more clothing, a man's toilet appliances, also new and unused, but apparently no scrap of writing or hint of a name. With a little sigh of bafflement she took the last tightly rolled bundle of clothing from the suitcase. While she was lifting it a pistol fell out.

In times past, Jasper Grierson's daughter had known weapons and their faults and excellencies. "That places him—a little," she mused, putting the pistol aside after she had glanced at it: "He's from the east; he doesn't know a gun from a piece of common hardware."

Further search in the tightly rolled bundle was rewarded by the discovery of a typewritten book manuscript, unsigned, and with it an oblong packet wrapped in brown paper and tied with twine. She slipped the string and removed the wrapping. The brick-shaped packet proved to be a thick block of bank notes held together by heavy rubber bands snapped over the ends.

While the little ormolu clock on the dressing case was whirling softly and chiming the hour she stared at the money-block as if the sight of it had

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced in Early Files of the Yorkville Enquirer.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the old people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.



"You Poor Castaway!" She Murmured.

the broken packet. The counting completed, she replaced the rubber bands and the brown paper wrapping. Then she repacked the suitcases, arranging the contents in nearly as might be just as she had found them, locking the cases and returning the keys to the waistcoat pocket from which she had taken them.

When all was done, she tiptoed across to the bed, with the brown paper packet under her arm. The sick man stirred uneasily and began to mutter again. She bent to catch the words, and when she heard, the light of understanding leaped swiftly into the dark eyes. For the mumbled words were the echo of a fierce threat: "Sign it; sign it now, or, by God, I'll shoot to kill!"

The robbery of the Bayou State Security bank was already an old story when Mr. Matthew Broffin, chief of the New Orleans branch of a notable detective agency, took over the case of the bank robbery a few days after his return from Central America. Since two members of his own staff had fired and missed their mark in St. Louis, there was a blunder to be retrieved.

After a week of patient groping, Broffin was obliged to confess that the problem of identification was too difficult to be solved on conventional lines. It presented no point of attack. With neither a name nor a pictured face for reference, inquiry was crippled at the very outset. None of the boarding and rooming houses he visited had lost a lodger answering the verbal description of the missing man. Very reluctantly, for building tenacity was the detective's ruling characteristic, he was forced to the conclusion that the only untried solution lay in Teller Johnson's unfortified impression that the chance meeting at his wicket was not the first meeting between the robber and the young woman with the draft to be cashed.

It was the slenderest of threads, and Broffin realized sweatingly how difficult it might be to follow. Assuming that there had been a previous meeting or meetings, or rather the passing acquaintance which was all the young woman's later betrayal of the man, the detective would be willing to add to her burden of responsibility by giving the true name and standing of the man whose real identity—if she knew it—she had been careful to conceal in the unsigned note to Mr. Galbraith.

Broffin read the note again—"a deck-hand, whose name on the mate's book is John Wesley Gavitt," was the description she had given. It might, or it might not, be an equivocation; but the longer Broffin dwelt upon it the more he leaned toward the conclusion to which his theory and the few known facts pointed. The young woman knew the man in his proper person; that, he decided, was sufficiently proved by the lapse of time intervening between the date of her note and its postmark date; having finally decided to give him up, she had told only what was absolutely necessary, leaving him free to conceal his real name and identity if he would—and could.

Having come thus far on the road to conviction, Broffin knew what he had to do and set about doing it methodically. A telegram to the clerk of the Belle Julie served to place the steamer in the lower river; and boarding a night train he planned to reach Vicksburg in time to intercept the witnesses whose evidence would determine roughly how many hundreds of thousands of miles he could safely cut out of the zigzag journey to which the following up of the hypothetical clue would lead.

For, cost what it might, he was determined to find the writer of the unsigned letter.

(To be continued.)

On Ladies Riding Straddle.—The writer of this squib has owned nothing in the way of live stock larger than a setter dog, and if he ever owns a horse, mule, or even a donkey, that will permit a young lady to ride astride its back through the town's streets, it will be shot immediately or sent off to Europe for cannon food. Such an animal has absolutely no respect for itself or the public morals.—Fort Mill Times.

TILLMAN ON CANAL WORK.

He is Enthusiastic Over What Has Been Accomplished.

The Oregonian published the following interview with Senator B. R. Tillman on July 18th:

Colonel George Goethals has "out-Germanned" the Germans in efficiency in the construction of the Panama canal, according to Senator Benjamin Ryan Tillman of South Carolina, who arrived in Portland Friday, to visit his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Hughes, for a week. To this efficiency he credits the success of the tremendous undertaking which he inspected on his way to Portland. He tells of his visit as follows:

"I spent a week in the Canal Zone, two days on the Atlantic or Gulf side and four days on the Pacific. Although in no way connected with the army, except as a member of the appropriation committee, I felt it my duty to get as much information as I could about actual conditions there."

"I became enthusiastic by association with the army officers, coast artillery officers and those of the regular infantry. The artillerymen are working like beavers at both ends to get the fortifications in good condition, and already have in place ready for business, many heavy mortars and 12 and 14 inch rifles, so I feel convinced that any hostile fleet attempting to enter at either end would receive very warm treatment."

"General C. R. Edwards is in command of the forces on the isthmus. He is well able to see and know what his army needs. Having known General Edwards in Washington for many years, I was not surprised at the grasp and earnestness which he displayed."

"But notwithstanding the fact that I was an invalid, so to speak, by sheer will power I was able to stand up under the strain."

"I visited the camp of the Third Infantry, detailed on the south side of the canal, and became convinced that General Edwards is the right man for the job on the isthmus."

"He is prepared to repel any invader from any source whatsoever, be he German, Jap or what not."

"Captain Hugh Rodman, of the United States navy, in charge of the special canal, took me in hand and we ran down to Gatun dam on a special motor launch belonging to the U. S. C. C. which means of the isthmus, isthmian canal commission, and not interstate commerce commission."

"The engineers believe that eight months is enough, when they hope that the expense of dredging will cease. Of course I do not presume to put my judgment against theirs, but the cracks in the earth on the north side of the canal indicate that the mountain is moving toward the water, slowly causing the mud to press up from the bottom of the canal, and the dredges are constantly at work—four or five of them—taking out this material."

"I made a crude guess that it will require two or three years more and several million dollars before the work will be completed. Since the 22,000-ton Finland came through the canal, on which I sailed for San Francisco, enough earth has slid into the canal to prevent the Kroonland, her sister ship, from following, and I doubt whether the three battleships on which the Annapolis cadets are to visit the exposition will get through safely."

"I was much impressed with the wisdom of President Wilson in not permitting our battleships to go through the canal at this time, as they might have been prevented from returning to the Atlantic."

"Admiral Rousseau had shown me the Gatun dam before I left Colon. 'I did not see Colonel Goethals on the isthmus, because he was in the United States at the time, but I did see Col. Harding, his assistant. I became impressed with one thing, after talking with some of my old South Carolina friends whom I found there, that Col. Goethals has had one idea predominate—efficiency.'"

"He has out-Germanned the Germans in this great work, and if a man was sent to the canal who did not make good, Colonel Goethals would tell him to move on. It has been his religion."

"The work impresses me in its magnitude and greatness at every step taken, and, in expressing my opinion, I believe it is as permanent as human energy and skill and brains can make it."

"Science has lent its aid, and modern engineering with American leadership, has accomplished a stupendous task."

War Money.—The European war is now being financed on what may well be called the "Public Ledger" plan. The Philadelphia Public Ledger refers to Great Britain's new loan of \$5,000,000,000 as "the greatest in all history for any purpose."

The magnitude of this loan is considered a reminder to all bel-ligerents, and especially to the foe, that England is prepared to wage this conflict to a definite conclusion, no matter what the time, and no matter what the cost. The Public Ledger also refers to the financing of the French plan by the French people, and the securities which will be sent to the United States where they will be used as collateral for borrowing money that will go back to Paris. By this plan the foreign market will be maintained on a steady basis. The Public Ledger says that the French connection is the leasing of a large amount of idle funds and the starting of still more war munitions. The French plan is filling up envelopes for thousands of American workmen.—Charlotte Observer.

Married.—In Yorkville on the 11th, instant, by Rev. L. A. Johnson, Lieut. J. S. R. Thompson of Spartanburg, and Miss Jane, second daughter of W. L. Clawson of this place.

In Yorkville, on the 2nd, instant, by Rev. J. Monroe Anderson, Mr. Wm. A. Elam of Mecklenburg county, Va., and Miss Sophia Jane, oldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Herndon of Yorkville, S. C.

(Wednesday Evening, Aug. 31, 1865.)

Shot.

We learn that Dr. Alexander White, living on the west side of Broad river, was shot while sitting at his supper, one evening last week. The cause or particulars have not reached us.

Fire.

A fire occurred at the south end of Main street in this town on Wednesday night of last week, the 25th, inst., which resulted in the destruction of the large steam merchant mill of Mr. S. J. Kuykendall. The origin of the fire is not known. The loss is estimated at \$3,500.

Married.—In York district on the 24th, inst., at the bride's residence, by the Rev. J. A. Davis, Mr. J. D. Enloe of Brandenburg, Ky., and Miss Naomi Gladden, of Yorkville.

Mail Service.

We are pleased to learn from an exchange that the postmaster general has ordered mail service on the following railroads in South Carolina: From Kingville, S. C., to Wilmington, N. C.; from Kingville to Augusta, Ga.; from Florence to Cheraw; from Charleston

TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

News Happenings in Neighboring Communities.

CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of Chester, Lancaster, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.

Rock Hill Record, July 26: Miss Amelia Simpson returned this morning from a trip to California. She and her party were at the wharf at Chicago Saturday morning when the Eastland turned over and drowned 1,000 people. She says one can hardly imagine what a dreadful catastrophe it was. A blaze Thursday night destroyed two cottages on Hutchinson street, belonging to Dr. W. G. Stevens and badly damaged another. An alarm was given by the Highland Park mill whistle and by the city's alarm system, too, but when the fire company responded they found there was no water hydrant in that section and they had to resort to a bucket brigade and succeeded in saving the third house before it had gained a great headway. The condition of J. Ed Rodway, whose serious illness has been mentioned previously in the Record, remains unchanged.

Lancaster News, July 27: The condition of Magistrate I. T. Hunter, who last week suffered a stroke of paralysis, is somewhat improved today. The condition of Mr. Walker Craig, who has been critically ill for the past several days, is regarded as better today. Rev. H. R. Murchison preached a strong sermon Sunday morning, the last he will preach for a month, as the Presbyterian church has given him leave of absence for the month of August, which he and his family will spend on their farm near Batesburg. Mr. and Mrs. Murchison and the children left this week. Mr. Murchison has four acres planted in tomatoes and will superintend the canning of these vegetables, of which there is said to be a splendid yield. Miss Minnie Coley, sister of Mrs. E. H. East, who has been spending the summer here with her sister, was recently elected director of music in the Lancaster graded schools for the coming season.

Gastonia Gazette, July 27: Mr. Jas. Hudson died last Friday morning at his home about two and one-half miles from Dallas, aged 63 years. He is survived by his widow and six children, four daughters and two sons. Geo. Baker, the 15-year-old son of Mr. Frank Baker, who lives south of Pisgah, was bitten on the hand by a copperhead snake last Thursday, while he was picking up apples in the orchard. He was given prompt medical attention and will recover. Mr. A. J. Goforth, an aged and highly respected citizen of Belmont, died at his home there yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. His death was due to dropsy. Mr. Goforth had been in failing health for some time and death was not unexpected. Mr. Goforth was a prominent farmer of that section. It was impossible to ascertain his exact age, but he was a veteran of the civil war, enlisting in the Confederate army and serving throughout the struggle. Friends of Mrs. Neil Hawkins of route three, who underwent an operation at the city hospital a few days ago, will be glad to learn that she is rapidly recovering and hopes to be able to return to her home in a few days. Leonard, the 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mack Jenkins, was operated on at the Charlotte sanatorium last Wednesday by Dr. Whitson, having his adenoids and tonsils removed. He was brought home Thursday and is doing nicely.

Gaffney Ledger, July 27: Dr. R. T. Ferguson, driving an automobile, and a negro riding a bicycle, collided on North Limestone street Saturday afternoon. One wheel of the negro's bicycle was demolished, but he escaped unhurt. The accident was unavoidable. Ensey Teague, a young farmer who lives about two miles from the city, was hit on the upper lip by a green snake while plowing in his field Friday afternoon. He was passing by some bushes when the reptile attacked him. Mr. Teague killed the snake and sought medical attention for his injuries. He was very ill for a time as a result of the bite, but he is now improving rapidly. It is reported on the streets that the capital stock of the Broad River Mills at Blacksburg will shortly be increased and that 10,000 spindles will be installed if a proposition made by the directors to the business men of Blacksburg is accepted. Officers of the mill preferred not to discuss the matter at present, but admitted that there is a likelihood of the increase being made. The first commencement exercises of the city hospital, held at the courthouse Thursday night, were well attended, considering the inclement weather. Miss Terrissa Elena Hoyle, the nurse who was graduated, received the first diploma to be given by the institution. Dr. E. W. Presley of Clover, delivered the commencement address. Mrs. Jane Humphries, who suffered a stroke of paralysis some time ago and who had never entirely recovered, suffered a second stroke last Saturday and was in a very critical condition yesterday.

Chester Reporter, July 26: At the meeting of the creditors of Mr. R. F. Sessions before Mr. C. W. F. Spencer of Rock Hill, referee in bankruptcy, which was held in this city Friday morning, Mr. M. L. Marion was appointed trustee, and Messrs. J. T. Collins, W. D. Robinson and J. Q. Hood were appointed appraisers. It is probable that the stock will be sold the first Monday in September. The schedule showed liabilities amounting to \$16,946.12 and assets (estimated) totalling \$13,012.97. J. H. Evans, a negro who was arrested by the police last week for hobnobbing, is suspected from an unmailed letter that he had in his pocket at the time of his arrest of having killed another negro at Catawba, N. C., while the two were engaged with others in a crap game. The annual convention of the Chester County International Sunday School association, was held at Arden, M. E. church yesterday, and was well attended, a large crowd, estimated by some as between four and five hundred being present. R. L. Atkinson

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE

Items of Interest From All Sections of South Carolina.

Governor Manning reviewed the First regiment in camp at the Isle of Palms, Wednesday.

Several buildings were struck by lightning in Kershaw county, on last Tuesday.

Anderson county farmers organized an alfalfa club last week, making the third to be organized in that county.

Walter A. Johnson of Battle Creek, Mich., has been elected physical director of the Presbyterian college, Clinton.

Charles Patterson, colored, is in jail in Columbia, charged with the burning of a barn belonging to B. B. Langford at Blythewood, Sunday.

Prof. A. Mason DuPre has been appointed a member of the Spartanburg county board of education to succeed W. G. Blake, resigned.

O. P. Mills, president of the Mills Cotton Manufacturing company of Greenville, died at Cedar Mountain, N. C., last week, aged 75 years.

Governor Manning has invited the governors of fifteen states to the Southern Commercial congress, which is to be held in Charleston, December 13-17.

Dr. Walter W. Wolfe, who was engaged in the practice of medicine at Fort Motte for thirty years or more, died in a Columbia hospital Sunday. He was 61 years old.

J. R. Robinson, a young white man who was working as a lineman in Greenville, was killed Monday afternoon when 2,300 volts of electricity passed through his body.

William Cleland, 10 years old, was drowned in the Tugaloo river near Madison last Wednesday afternoon. The body was later recovered, being taken in a fisherman's seine.

The sixteen mills comprising the Parker Cotton Mills company, propose to close down their plants from July 31 to August 8, for the purpose, it is said, of giving their employees a holiday.

The act of the general assembly exempting bonds of the city of Columbia from taxation, has been held to be unconstitutional in an opinion recently handed down by Judge Ernest Moore in the case of the Carolina National bank against P. B. Spigener, treasurer of Richland county.

A. G. Prevoux, alias Graham Brown, was committed to jail in Charleston last week, charged with being an escaped convict from the Dorchester county chancery. Brown posed in Charleston as a state constable and raided quite a number of Charleston blind tigers by himself.

W. A. King, mayor of Mt. Pleasant, sent a telegram to Governor Manning Monday, protesting against the closing of the dispensary at that place while the First Regiment was encamped at the Isle of Palms. He represented that the soldiers could get all the whiskey they wanted from Charleston and the only effect of closing the dispensary at Mt. Pleasant was to cut that town out of the revenue.

Kershaw Era: Newton Kelly and John Rahon, Jr., of the West Water section of Kershaw county, were in Kershaw last Saturday morning to take the southbound train on their return home. They had been in the vicinity of Chalk Hill school house in Kershaw county, where they organized on Friday a branch of the Farmers' Secret Organization. In conversation with the reporter for the Era Mr. Kelly stated that the organization was styled secret for mutual protection of its members, that it could best do its work as a secret organization, and that there was no embodiment of harm in its slogan, "We are here to stay."

Lancaster News: Lancaster county was already thoroughly organized, and Kershaw county nearly so.

Machine Gun in War.—While the great nations of the world are devising new military engines of destruction and increasing their stock of the old, our army continues to tread a path grass-grown by comparison with the roads traversed by the heavy armaments of Europe. Failure of military authorities to take advantage of the great lessons of the present war cannot all be placed upon the shoulders of congress. One great outstanding weakness of our present military system can be corrected with proper co-operation between army authorities and congress.

The machine gun has proved itself one of the deadliest weapons in use by the warring forces. With this object lesson being thrown upon the world screen each day, an archaic organic organization of the machine gun in force and effect is a waste of time and money. Our army has at present a tentative machine gun organization consisting of two guns to each regiment. The crews of the guns are detailed from the various companies for temporary duty. There is no inducement for the men to acquire perfection in the handling of their weapons. They are liable to transfer at any time, and as a rule remain but a short time in this branch of the service.

Every German regiment has a machine gun company, comprising six guns, manned by four officers and 92 soldiers. The men are thoroughly trained in this service and remain permanently with the company. Enormous quantities of ammunition are expended in practice firing. Their drill is an exhaustive one, resulting in a perfection of gun handling which is marvelous by comparison with the crude efforts of our machine gun units.

"And yet," the United States Infantry Journal said in a recent number, "we have muddled along for years."

Are we waiting for a war of our own so that we may acquire the experience needed for solution of this question? It is reported that there are now more than 50,000 machine guns in the German army, and their use is general in the allied armies. Each of our regiments should have a machine gun company with a permanent personnel, armed with at least six guns. It is hoped that congress will provide the means for such a re-organization.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Full sunlight is 600,000 times brighter than full moonlight.

Uncle Sam Wants His Money Back.—The government will sue American citizens, who through apparently able to do so, refuse to repay money expended for their relief when they were stranded in Europe at the war's outbreak. Many of those aided have reimbursed the government, but Secretary McAdoo says that a number had refused to pay. A provision of the congressional resolution appropriating funds to meet the emergency last summer said:

"American citizens to whom relief is extended or transportation is furnished shall pay to or reimburse the United States all reasonable expenses so incurred respectively on their account, if financially able to do so."

Treasury officials say that no exact accounting has been made of the amount expended in relief work. Congress appropriated \$2,750,000, and it is believed that more than \$2,000,000 was used.